

66 FABLES in VERSE.

Says Mrs. *Buz*,—‘ My children want
 ‘ Truly no such *Italian* cant,
 ‘ But, bred to industry and trade,
 ‘ Your songs and misery evade.’

M O R A L.

‘Tis industry alone procures
 Our happiness, and bread insures,
 Which should be planted in the mind,
 Of every youth of every kind.
 For who, with truth could ever say,
 I ne’er can fall into decay.
 Or who is free in church or state,
 From the vicissitudes of fate.



FABLES in



The WOLF and

A Hungry Wolf, o
 Had got a jagged
 throat,
 In this distress a crane
 Implor’d her aid, and
 The cure perform’d, M
 And good address, den

The